



The City Hotel · Columbia, California

Dear Friends,

Your delightful company is requested for an evening of seasonal song, of feast and of convivial joy!

We missed you so last year. Suffice it to say that the dastardly D.O. Mills (wouldn't you know) was responsible for our dark time. But now it is 1883, we are back at full strength and more excited than ever to welcome you and join with you in merry making.

Mrs. Morgan assures me that an abundant harvest has provided handsomely. With open arms our larders await you, as do our wine cellars. Her cousin, Winslow, is heading West as I write this letter. He's wired us that our old friend Sam Clemens will be in Columbia in Winter to "settle some business." Of course, he goes by his 'nom de plume' Mark Twain, now. If you're a reader or know someone who is: he's had me slapping my knee for years - and to think we knew him when...

Mrs. Morgan will warn: 'Sometimes a bit salty...he's quite a smart apple, that one.' I say, If you haven't met him, you're in for a very spirited evening!

Cheerfully, we await your reply.

On With the Feast!

Yours most sincerely,

George and Margaret Morgan

